

THE RUGBY NEWS.

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THE RUSTY OLD SABER.

A cavalry saber hangs up on the wall.
All battered and twisted and eaten by rust.
'Twas new when its owner heard Liberty call.
And into his fingers the weapon was thrust;
And many a desperate battle, I ween
This rusty and battered old saber has seen.
My little boy asks me again and again
A hundred odd questions—"What good does it do?"
"And why is it rusty?" and "What makes that stain
At the handle?" "What is it worth, Pa, to you?"
The little chap never heard Liberty call,
He hasn't heard Freedom's harsh lesson at all.
I tell him the story—how up through the smoke
Of Malvern Hill's battle the enemy came;
Up! Up to the cannon until the line broke,
Bent, wavering and vanished—scorched out by the flame.
How over the cannon one brave fellow lay,
The saber held tight in his dead hand that day.
My little boy ponders the tale at my knee,
"I wish we had sabers and fighting," he cries,
"I wish there were tyrants and men to set free,
And heroes to suffer and fight for a prize.
There isn't a war or a chance to be brave,
Or words to be carried, or country to save!"
Ah! little boy! Never found hero a time,
In all of the ages that history knows,
So filled up as this age with chances sublime
For meeting and conquering deadliest foes.
Not with the old saber can you win your fight,
Your weapon is forged out of justice and right.
For falsehood chains truth and injustice is strong,
And ignorance tramples on Liberty's law,
The country needs men with a hatred for wrong,
A heart without fear and a life without flaw.
And nothing is nobler, my boy, than the fight
That honest boys make to be true to the right.
—Rural New Yorker.

A CHEAP COAT.

A Little Scheme That Worked Like a Charm.

[Written for This Paper.]



FEW days ago I saw my friend Ferguson sitting on a bench in Central Park. I took a seat by his side and we conversed about the weather, politics, and also about ten dollars which I had loaned Ferguson some months ago, and which he was to have paid back by three o'clock of the afternoon of the following day. I don't think I would have mentioned the ten dollars to Ferguson if it had not been outward indications in the superior quality of his raiment that led me to believe that his finances had improved sufficiently to stand the strain. Usually Ferguson wears a shabby coat, but on this occasion he wore an elegantly fitting coat of the finest kind of material.

Ferguson seemed to suspect that his coat was the cause of my taking it for granted that he was in flourishing circumstances, for he said: "This is the



ROPING IN THE GRANGER.

handsomest coat ever I had, but it only cost seven dollars."

"I'd like to buy a whole suit at that figure," I replied, examining the all-wool texture of the garb.

"I don't think the party who sold me this has any more at that price. It's funny how I came to get it," said Ferguson.

"If you are sure that it is funny, I'd like to hear about it," I replied.

"My wife's brother, a young man from New Jersey, has been paying us a visit. He is a very nice young man, but he is not any too smart. Well, the morning after he arrived he started out to see the sights. While strolling around City Hall he drifted into Baxter

street. All at once a man rushed out of a dark little den of a store, picked up my wife's brother just as if he was a clothing-store dummy, and carried him inside. My wife's brother struggled, but in vain. The grip of the man, who was the proprietor of a clothing store, was like that of a candidate in a closely contested election. Thomas, that's the name of my wife's brother, says that it reminded him of a picture he had seen of Jacob wrestling with the angel. The other fellow was Jacob.

"Well, when the man got Thomas inside, two other gentlemen, a clerk and a cashier, took off his coat in the twinkling of an eye, and had a new one on him like a flash. One of the gentlemen said: 'O, ain't he cunning? Don't dot your coat fit him shust like de baber on de walls, and all for seven dollars.'"

"The coat was made of the very finest kind of cloth and did fit Thomas very



O'RAFFERTY CAME IN.

nicely. Thomas has an eye for business, even if he is from New Jersey, so the clothiers had no trouble in selling him a twenty-dollar coat for seven dollars, although Thomas owned up that his conscience troubled him for having swindled the clothiers. They took off the coat, wrapped it up in a nice bundle, Thomas put on his old coat and hurried home to us to show us what a bargain he had made; but I wish you had seen his face when he opened the bundle, and instead of the expensive coat he had purchased he held up a shop-worn, frayed-out garment that was not worth two dollars. He took the coat back to the clothiers but they refused to refund the money, alleging that he was trying to swindle them by bringing back a coat they had never sold him.

"I tell you," continued Ferguson, "I was mad, but I made up my mind to get even with those Baxter street men. I have a personal friend named O'Rafferty. I think he may be of Irish descent. We got up a little scheme that worked like a charm. I put on a shabby coat and strolled past that identical store, while O'Rafferty loitered in the neighborhood. Sure enough the proprietor rushed out and grabbed me just like a spider does an unsuspecting fly. They had my old coat off and a real handsome one on me before I could catch my breath. It was a pretty good fit, and I cheerfully paid seven dollars for it. Then they wanted to wrap it up for me, but I said I believed I'd keep it on. The proprietor tried persuasion at first, but finding me obdurate, he called for reinforcements. The clerk and the cashier came in his rescue, and they all tried to get me to take the coat off. They began to use force. Just then O'Rafferty came in, and the proprietor turned a couple of summersaults and stood on his head in the corner. While I was pounding the clerk, O'Rafferty got the cashier down and warmed him with the top of a dry-goods box. In the meantime the proprietor recuperated, rushed to the door and called: 'Police! police!'"

"Did the police come?"

"You bet they did, but O'Rafferty has a pull somehow or other with the police, and the consequence was the police clubbed the entire firm, arrested them, and we went along as witnesses. O'Rafferty, who keeps a saloon and has considerable political influence, was personally acquainted with the justice, whose name was O'Donohue, so the clothiers were fined ten dollars each, and as I had bought the coat I was allowed to keep it. So, you see, it is really a twenty-dollar coat, but you must not suppose, Alex, that I'm flush because I'm wearing fine clothes; but election times are coming, and I've got a promise from O'Rafferty that I am to have a steady job carrying a transparency, and I'll soon have money, and then I'll pay up, so you see the outlook is brighter than it was."

I congratulated Ferguson on his political prospect, and am in hopes that I will have a chance to get my money back.

ALEX. SWEET.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, entire.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR. On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs of the vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I knew not what the physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that this was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 20 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe fow my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and

other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 30.

REFINEMENT OF INDIVIDUALS.

Gross selfishness sometimes taken for the true quality.

It seems a pity that the word "refinement" should be drifted so far from its simple and original meaning, which was "purification." We still use it in that sense in regard to substances, and speak of the refining processes to which sugar, metals, liquors, etc., are subjected, when all extraneous or defiling matter is removed. But "refinement," as applied to individuals, does not generally convey the idea of purity. Indeed, it is often supposed to have less to do with what is within a man, and proceeds from him, than with what surrounds him and acts upon him from without. There are persons who would indignantly resent the idea that they were lacking in refinement, yet who can only base their claim to it on the atmosphere of luxury and leisure in which they dwell. Their demands upon the world are constant and exacting, but that anything is expected of them seldom occurs to them. Their appetite is so delicate that every land must be laid under contribution to minister to it. Their beds must be soft, their chairs easy, their dress luxurious and rich. Their nerves are so finely strung that all unpleasant sights and sounds must be banished. Their sensibilities are so keen that they can not endure to see pain or poverty, or to hear a tale of woe. So they shut out all knowledge of the sorrows of others and hug themselves contentedly in their own life of ease. Is this refinement? Is it not instead a gross and barbaric selfishness? As has been said by another, "Is it not ungenerous to make such a great hole in the world to crush so many roses for one fragrant drop? Such persons are sadly in need of some refining process which shall purge out the dross which is in them, and teach them to abhor so mean and encroaching a life."

Some persons have a vague notion that refinement is the privilege of rank or position or culture. In aristocratic countries it is held to be the exclusive possession of the nobility and gentry, and it would almost create a smile of derision to speak of a refined peasantry. Even in our own land, where we boast of our freedom from class prejudice, we are apt to associate the idea of refinement with that of certain educational and social advantages, and to feel some degree of surprise when we see its marks among those whose bread is earned by the sweat of their brow. Perhaps, however, if we knew more about these honorable laborers, and were more in sympathy with them, we should see more real refinement of heart and character among them than often exists among those who have had greater opportunities. There are cases of delicate generosity, of willing self-sacrifice, of manly tenderness and womanly loyalty in many a cottage that would grace the stately halls of a palace, where only cold etiquette reigns supreme. Thoreau says, "I called on the king but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted himself like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called upon him." Even intellectual possessions, valuable as they are, can not of themselves refine their owner. If he has in his heart the alloy of selfishness, or ingratitude, or self-conceit, or contempt for those less learned than himself, he lacks true refinement in spite of all his knowledge. He, too, needs to be purified.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Silversmith—"That teapot is for a member of Parliament. Isn't it a beauty?" Philosopher—"I think you have not made enough of one feature." Silversmith—"What's that?" Philosopher—"The spout."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He—"The Van Alstyne live in great style, don't they?" She—"Yes, they even have a dissipated son."

—Soft Sawyer—"But I don't call this a fashionable 'at!'" "It will soon become so, madam, if you wear it!"—London Punch.

—A touch of love makes the most matter-of-fact man a poet, or, what amounts to the same thing, makes him think he's a poet.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Particularly the Regrets.—Maid—"Mr. Small couldn't call to-night, and he sends his regrets and this little present." Miss Little—"Thanks for both."—Epoch.

—Trembling Youth—"Madam, I love you to distraction; will you be my wife?" Girl of the Future—"You may leave your references and call again!"—N. Y. Herald.

—Walker (newly married)—"I hope you will do justice to my wife's biscuits, old man?" Cutting (his guest)—"Well, frankly, I think they deserve thirty days."—American Grocer.

—My husband is very fond of animals, said Mrs. Furber. "Last night in his sleep he turned over and said: 'Take out something for the kitty.'"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—"Seems to me you're pretty rough on me for an old friend," said the six dollar clerk as he ruefully looked at his worn-out linen collar.—Binghamton Republican.

—"That was a great scheme of Franklin's for getting lightning out of the clouds," said Flickens to his slangy room-mate, "Yes," was the reply. "Pretty fly."—Washington Post.

—"I beg pardon, but won't you ask your wife to remove her hat? I can't see the stage." Husband (whispering back)—"Ask her yourself, please. You don't know her as well as I do."—Fliegende Blätter.

—Sweedle—"I can't see what makes everybody rush to that little restaurant on the corner." Pipes—"The salt-shakers never clog. Only place of the kind in town."

—Ed Spicer—"A Brooklyn policeman shot seven times at a brother officer and only just grazed him once." John Moore—"Probably his motto was 'We aim to please!'"—Week's Sport.

—A Keen Sense of Humor.—Jack (on his knees)—"O, Ethel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?" Ethel—"Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny."—N. Y. Sun.

—"They tell me Miss Rizzle calls you an upstart," said a young man to Gus de Jay. "Yes; but I can't blame her, don't you know. I had sat on a pin just at the time don't you know."—Washington Post.

—"Well, I don't care if she does talk about her neighbors, there's one good thing to be said in her favor, anyhow." "What's that?" "She never fooled away her time on a crazy quilt."—Ram's Horn.

—She Gave Credit When Due.—Wife (sternly)—"Was that you singing, Mr. Heavysides?" Heavysides (meekly)—"Yes, dear. I sometimes sing when I am alone." Wife—"You have more consideration for the feelings of others than I had given you credit for."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—"Brethren," said an old negro preacher, "I've got a three dollar sermon, I've got a two dollar sermon, and I've got a dollar and a half sermon; I want this indelicate audience to take up a collection, and then I will know which is the easiest to give you."—United Presbyterian.

LUCID AS MUD.

Explanations Which Do Not Always Clearly Explain.

One of the most comical sights in existence is to see a jury listening to a doctor giving evidence. To any ordinary observer it is evident that five-sixths of the jury are hopelessly bewildered, and the more the doctor explains the less they understand.

But the most obscure of all explanations are those which emanate from people who don't know what they are talking about, but think they know enough to explain to others. One of these gentlemen was showing a friend around town, and in the course of their travels they came to a place where ice was being manufactured.

"Do you understand the philosophy of making ice?" asked the resident.

"No," answered the stranger; "I never saw one of the machines; and never had the thing explained to me."

"I'll explain it," said the resident, kindly. "You see they have a kind of tank?"

"Yes."

"And they fill that tank about two-thirds full of water."

"Yes. What then?"

"Why, then, they freeze it."

"Oh," exclaimed the disgruntled stranger, "that's it, is it? I had an idea that they boiled it!"—Golden Days.